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THE ORATORIOS FOR THE FESTIVAL.—Naturally all the musical interest for the coming week will concentrate upon the Festival of Thursday, Friday and Saturday. As many persons then will listen perhaps for the first time to Oratorios by Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn, it seems fit that our Journal should contain some aids to the understanding of these noble works; and therefore we take the liberty to reprint portions of the synopses which we wrote of them some years ago; not that we flatter ourselves that they are of any great intrinsic value, but because any such description in detail of a great musical work helps to fasten the attention of the hearer upon its real beauties. This week we give "Elijah" and the "Creation;" next week we shall add the "Messiah."

### I. Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

The figure of the prophet is stationed, at once, boldly in the foreground. Even the overture is prefaced by a brief recitative, in which, with firm, deep voice, he declares that "there shall not be dew nor rain these years." Had Mendelssohn composed expressly for an American audience, who never begin to settle down into the listening state until they hear the human voice,—we might have suspected him of an innocent manoeuvre here, to procure silence and a hearing for the overture. In this overture, there is a sort of sullen, smothered, choking energy, fretting against chains self-forged; an obdurate wilfulness seems depicted,—a desperate impulse continually trying itself over again, only to find the same fatal limitations; it is the mood of an unrepenting criminal in his cell. The music is all of very short fibre, woven into the toughest, knottiest sort of texture; full of movement, but no progress. One or two little short staves of melody, constantly repeated, are its themes; and, though these are woven into a consistent and artistic whole, you hear nothing else from first to last. This is in the appropriate key of D minor, and sheds the right murky coloring over all that is to follow, helping imagination to realize the state of Israel under Ahab. Drought and famine; life denied its outward sustenance; starved impulses, which, getting no expansion, only murmur of them-

selves, are the alternate changes of one figure on this monotonous web of tones.

And now the suffering finds a voice. There is a chorus of the people—"Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?"—still in D minor, 4-4 time, Andante. First a loud cry, "Help, Lord!" upon the minor common chord of D, the accompaniments traversing downwards and upwards through all its inversions for two bars; then, as the air climbs one note higher, the same process is repeated on the crying chord of the Diminished Seventh, which, through the dominant Seventh upon C, would fain force its way out into the bright major key of F, and find relief; but while the bass tends boldly that way, the chord of D minor returning in the upper parts smother the tendency, producing a dissonant mixture of tones which is peculiarly expressive on the words: "Wilt thou quite destroy us?" Out of this massive and compact beginning the tenors lead the way in a freer movement, chanting the two plaintive phrases: "The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone," and "And yet no power cometh to help us," which are duly taken up by the other voices and passed round as the themes of a very beautiful and graceful Fugue, which works itself up by degrees into the right chord for a transition to the key of E major, when the Fugue is quelled for a while into a uniform movement: "Will then the Lord be no more God in Zion?" with a fitful, tremulous accompaniment; but it soon breaks loose again, and, amid renewals of the cry, "Help, Lord!" from single voices, terminates the chorus. A remarkable choral recitative succeeds, in which the complaints of famine come up in distinct, successive fragments of melody from one mass of voices after another:—"The deep affords no water,"—"The infant children ask for bread," &c.,—exceedingly expressive, if the voices start the theme with perfect concert. Next we have a plaintive duet for sopranos, "Zion spreadeth her hands for aid,"—one of those wild and tender melodies (each part a melody, however,) in which we get the genuine aroma of Mendelssohn's peculiar genius, as in his "Lieder." There are several such in "Elijah." In the pauses of the duet, which is in A minor, and forming a sort of background to it, is constantly heard the burden (an old Jewish Chant,) alternately of the entire female and of the entire male chorus, in unison, on the words "Lord, bow thine ear to our prayer." The effect is as poetic as it is original. At first it was the popular complaint of the short harvest; then, in the recitative, it was the children hungering at home; now it is youthful loveliness and beauty interceding as by special affinity with heaven;—remark this fine touch of the delicate and feminine side of the composer's genius!—had this duet been left out, it would hardly have been Mendelssohn.

So much in description of the drought. Now comes the appeal of Obadiah to the consciences of the people,—a tenor recitative: "Render your hearts," &c., followed by the exquisitely tender and consoling tenor song (Andante in E flat:) "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me." If you compare it with Handel's "Comfort ye, my people," you have the whole difference of complexion between these two deeply religious natures. In that, it is the perfect sanguine buoy-

ancy and confident announcement of hope; in this, it is hope tinged with sadness,—more of reflective yearning, and less of the child's unquestioning acceptance and assurance. It would compare more closely, however, with "He shall feed his flock:" only that is an alto song, and this a tenor, as befits the difference of sentiment; for in that, the feminine element, or Love, is all in all; whereas in this, the masculine element of Justice tempers Love. In this song, as in the duet before, and as throughout the oratorio, Mendelssohn displays his rare poetic invention in accompaniment; in every bar at first it takes, as if unconsciously, the form of "seek and find,"—a climbing arpeggio answered by a full chord; when it reaches the words, "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him," the whole air pulses to the heart-beat of the melody, as the violins divide the measure into crystal and precise vibrations. Then breaks out the turbulent chorus in C minor, "Yet doth the Lord see it not. His wrath will pursue us," &c.; full of diminished sevenths and of discords from bold overlapping of one chord upon another. Its vehement and angry motion is suddenly arrested on a discord of this sort, (dominant 7th upon the tonic,) in the words: "till he destroys us;" and after the pause, follows the grave, massive, psalm-like, solid piece of counterpoint, all in long half-notes: "FOR HE, THE LORD OUR GOD, HE IS A JEALOUS GOD," &c., thrown up like a mountain range of the primeval granite in the midst of this great musical creation; yet its solemnity is not all barren, for ere long its sides wave with the forests sprung from the accumulated soil of ages, and the solemn procession of the clouds in heaven passes in shadows over their surface; the key shifts to the major; the accompaniments acquire a freer movement; rich, refreshing modulations succeed each other smoothly, and the vocal parts diverge in separate streams of perfect harmony, at the thought; "His MERCIES ON THOUSANDS FALL," &c. Fit prelude to the voice of angels! An alto voice, in recitative, bids Elijah "hence to Cherith's brook," telling of the "ravens" who will feed him. Then a remarkable double quartet (four male and four female voices) follows with the words: "For He shall give his angels charge," &c. The very simplicity, together with the animated movement of this, requiring perfect precision and blending of the eight distinct parts, makes it difficult to convey its beauty in a performance. Again the angel warns him to "Zarephath," to the "widow woman"; and the homely images of the "barrel of meal" and the "cruise of oil" do not "fail," or fall in any wise short of dignity and beauty in Mendelssohn's pure recitative, which quite transcends the usual common-place.

We have now reached the first in the series of dramatic sketches, of which the body of the oratorio is mainly composed: the miracle of raising the widow's son. The sentiment of the marvelous is first raised by the accompaniments, which, confined chiefly to the violins and treble wood instruments, keep up a light tremolo, to a melody, full of sad, sweet humility, (E minor, 6-8,) which introduces the lamentation of the woman over her son. The answer of the prophet, and his prayer, "Turn unto her," are in the major of the key, in grave, four-fold measure. The return of the tremolo, in the still more mystical key of F

sharp major—swelling and diminishing, raises expectation to the height, and makes natural the woman's question of surprise, "*Wilt thou show wonders to the dead?*" The prayer is renewed, and so too the woman's exclamation, striking a higher note in her growing earnestness. Yet a third time the prophet prays, amid crashing, measured peals of harmony, announcing that the miraculous agency is at work restoring life. The joy and devout thankfulness of the mother, prompting the question: "*What shall I render to the Lord?*" are followed by the brief, but beautiful duet between her and the prophet: "*Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart,*" which is in broad four-fold measure, and glides directly into the chorus: "*Blessed are the men who fear him,*" which is distinguished by the soft, rippling flow of the accompaniments, the violoncellos keeping up one uniformly varied and continuous figure in sixteenths through the whole of it, while the vocal parts steal in one after another with the same whispered melody, which, with that multitude of voices, is like the soft rustle of the bending grass before successive breathings of the west wind,—until the words: "*Through darkness riseth forth the upright,*" where the sopranos shout forth a clarion call, climbing through the harmonic intervals of the fifth of the key as far as its tenth, and closing with a cadence upon B, which note the basses take for a starting-point, and thence repeat nearly the same figure, ending in A, where it is taken up by the altos, and again echoed ere it is half out of their mouths by the tenors, until all come unitedly upon the words: "*He is gracious, compassionate, righteous.*" These words are treated somewhat after the manner of, "*And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,*" &c., in Handel's sublime chorus, though no such stupendous effects are here attempted. The original whispered melody flows in again with mingled fragments of the second theme, and the chorus ends with echoing, retreating calls of "*Blessed!*" while that rippling accompaniment floats sky-ward and is lost.

Now comes the appearance of Elijah before Ahab, and the second dramatic scene, the challenge of the priests of Baal. The several proposals of Elijah (in bold recitative) are echoed in choral bursts from the people, "*Then we shall see whose God is the Lord,*" &c. The invocation of the priests of Baal is very effective musically, however fruitless for their purpose, and the music of it is in striking contrast with the severe and spiritual tone of the rest of the Oratorio. Noisy, impetuous, full of accent and of animal life, it befits the worshippers of natural things; and it commences in the key of nature, or F major. First, it is in 4-4 time, a double chorus, with a sort of bacchanalian energy: *Baal, we cry to thee;* then sets in an Allegro 3-4 movement, with arpeggio accompaniment in thirds, in single chorus, basses and altos in unison crying: "*Hear us, Baal! hear, mighty God,*" and sopranos and tenors in unison more earnestly following: "*Baal, O answer us; let thy flames fall and extirpate the foe,*" &c. In vain; no help for them! In long loud cadences, (the *minor third* so loved by Mendelssohn), with hopeless pauses between, their "*Hear us!*" floats away upon the empty air. The prophet taunts them: "*Call him louder.*" Again they raise their cry, this time in F sharp minor, in hurried 4-4 time, the full force of the orchestra reiterating quick, short, angry notes, as if they were all instruments of percussion, and trying restless and discordant modulations, as the voices with agonized impatience repeat: "*Now arise; wherefore slumber?*" Again the prophet taunts, and again they call on Baal, still in the same wild key, but with the most furious presto movement, in 6-8, ending as before in fruitless cadences: "*Hear and answer,*" succeeded by unbroken pauses.

It is now Elijah's turn. In a solemn Adagio air, expressive of sublimest faith and feeling of the Right, and even with a tenderness which you cannot help contrasting afterwards with his ruthless slaughter of his defeated rivals, he offers up his prayer to the "*God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel.*" This is followed by a short and simple quartet: "*Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*" All

this was in the confident key of E flat major. In his invocation: "*O Thou, who makest thine angels Spirits; Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires; let them now descend!*" the prophet's voice, unaccompanied, rises a minor third in uttering the first clause, followed by the full minor chord *pianissimo* from the instruments; in the second clause it ascends (through the minor third again) to the fifth, again more loudly answered by the instruments; and in the third clause it reaches the octave, when bursts forth the wild descriptive chorus: "*The fire descends from heaven!*" This change to the minor in the invocation makes a presentiment of miracle, as surely as a preternatural change of daylight, or the noon-day darkening of eclipse. The Fire-chorus, with its imitative accompaniments, we will not attempt to describe; it is fearfully grand and terminates in a massive Choral: "*THE LORD IS GOD,*" &c.; the earth quakes as it rolls away, with the prolonged tremolo of the double basses, during which Elijah dooms the prophets of Baal.

This scene closes with two remarkable songs. First, a bass solo by Elijah: "*Is not his word like a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces?*" Here the composer evidently had in mind a similar great solo in Handel's "*Messiah.*" Both song and accompaniment are cast in the same iron mould, requiring a gigantic voice to execute it. Indeed, it is almost too great to be sung, as some parts are too great to be acted. Next, the exquisite alto solo: "*Woe unto them who forsake him!*" which is again of the "*Lieder ohne Worte*" order, having that characteristic wild-flower beauty, so indescribable in the melodies of Mendelssohn.

Finally, we have the coming of rain, prepared in a dialogue between the people, the prophet and the youth whom he sends forth to "*look toward the sea.*" There is a gradual mellowing of the instruments, so that you seem almost to sniff rain in the parched air. The responses of the youth, clear, trumpet-toned, in the major chord of C, as he declares: "*there is nothing,*" each time with the enhanced effect of the mellow, continuous high monotone from the orchestra, and finally announcing, amid the mysterious thrilling of the air with violin thirds, "*a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand;*" then the "*blackening the heavens with clouds and with wind;*" and then the loud rushing of the storm, are wrought up to an admirable climax, and the chorus breaks forth, like a perfect flood of joy, refreshing and reviving all things: "*Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land. The waters gather: they rush along; they are lifting their voices! The stormy billows are high; their fury is mighty; but the Lord is above them and Almighty!*" This Rain-chorus, (which is in E flat major), is in perfect contrast with that Fire-chorus. The music itself is as welcome as showers after long drought; as tears of joy and reconciliation after years of barren, obstinate self-will and coldness; as the revisiting of inspired thoughts to the dry, dull, jaded, unsuggestive brain;—and that not the less because all the music which precedes is rich and various. The voices seem to launch themselves along rejoicing, like the copious billows of a torrent, while the instruments, by a well-chosen figure, imitate the sound of dripping streams. You feel the changing temperature of the air in some of those modulations. What a gusto, what a sense of coolness in some of those *flat sevenths* in the bass! there are certain chords there which we would call *barometrical* or *atmospheric*, if the extravagance of fancy might be allowed to keep pace with the fullness of delight in listening to this translation into tones of one of the inexhaustible phenomena of nature.

The Second Part has for its subject-matter the reaction of the popular sentiment against Elijah, at the instigation of the queen, his sojourn in the wilderness, and his translation to heaven. This is prefaced by a song of warning to Israel: "*Hear ye, Israel,*" for a soprano voice, in B minor, 3-8 time:—one of those quaint little wild flowers of melody again, which seem to have dropped so often from another planet at the feet of Mendelssohn. The short-breathed, syncopated

form of the accompaniment, and the continual cadence of the voice through a third give it an expression of singularly childlike innocence and seriousness. Then follows, in the major of the key, in statelier 3-4 measure, and with trumpet *obbligato*, a cheering air, which differs from the last as a bracing October morning from a soft summer Sabbath evening: "*Thus saith the Lord, I am he that comforteth,*" &c., leading into the very spirited chorus in G major: "*Be not afraid, saith God the Lord.*" This has a full, broad, generous, Handelian flow, like a great river "rolling rapidly;" and as your ear detects the mingling separate currents when you heed the river's general roar more closely, so, hurrying, pursuing, mingling, go the voices of the figure: "*Though thousands languish,*" which gives the chorus a more thoughtful character for a moment, before they are all merged again in the grand whole of that first strain, "*Be not afraid!*"

One cannot conceive how the scene which follows could have been wrought into music with a more dramatic effect. The prophet denounces Ahab; then the queen in the low tones of deepest excitement, in angry and emphatic sentences of recitative, demands: "*Hath he not prophesied against all Israel?*" "*Hath he not destroyed Baal's prophets?*" "*Hath he not closed the heavens?*" &c.; and to each question comes an ominous, brief choral response: "*We heard it with our ears,*" &c.; and finally the furious chorus: "*Woe to him, he shall perish,*" in which the quick, short, petulant notes of the orchestra seem to crackle and boil with rage.

Yielding to Obadiah's friendly warning, the prophet journeys to the wilderness; and here we have the tenderest and deepest portions of all this music; here we approach Elijah in his solitary communings and his sufferings; here we feel a more human interest and sympathy for the mighty man of miracle; we forget the terrible denouncer of God's enemies, and love his human heart, all melting to the loveliness of justice, and mourning over Israel's insane separation of herself from God, more than over his own trials. Follow him there! good guides stand ready to your imagination's bidding: first, the grand old words of the brief and simple Hebrew narrative; then the befitting and congenial music of this modern descendant of the Hebrews, this artist son of Mendel. Listen to that grand, deep song which he has put here into the mouth of Elijah: "*It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers,*" &c. What resignation! His great soul, bowed to that unselfish sadness, gives you a nobler, more colossal image than the fallen Saturn in the "*Hyperion*" of Keats. The grave and measured movement of the orchestra marks well his weary, thoughtful, heavy steps. But his soul summons a new energy, the smouldering embers blaze up, as he remembers: "*I have been very jealous for the Lord.*"

Follow him! Fatigue brings sleep, and sleep brings angel voices. Let that sweet tenor recitative interpret his wanderings and his whereabouts, and the angelic voices interpret the heaven in his heart. "*Under a juniper tree in the wilderness!*" Mark the quaint simplicity of the words, and how heartily the musical vein in Mendelssohn adapts itself to such child's narrative. And now hear, as the composer heard, the heavenly voices floating down. It is a scene almost as beautiful as that portrayed in Handel's music for the nativity of the Messiah. First a Trio, (female voices\*), without accompaniments: "*Lift thine eyes to the mountains,*" pure and chaste as starlight; then the lovely chorus (for all four parts): "*He watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps.*" If the Trio was like heaven descending, this is like the peacefulness of earth encompassed with heaven; it has a gentle, soothing, pastoral character, like "*There were shepherds watching their flocks by night.*" The universal bosom seems to heave with the serene feeling of protection, and the heart to throb most joyously, most gently, with the equal and continuous rise and fall of those softly modulated trips.

\* In Friday's performance this Trio will be sung, and with peculiar effect, by boys.



lets in the accompaniments. Voice after voice breathes out the melody; and what unspeakable tenderness in the new theme which the tenors introduce: "Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee."

Again follow him! *Forty days and forty nights*: so sings the angel (alto recitative); and again the noble recitative of the prophet, "wrestling with the Lord in prayer;" "Oh, Lord, I have labored in vain; . . . O that I now might die!" This is relieved by the profoundly beautiful alto song, in the natural key, four-fold measure: "O rest in the Lord;" and he resumes: "Night falleth round me, O Lord! Be thou not far from me; my soul is thirsting for Thee, as a thirsty land;" which last suggestion the instruments accompany with a reminiscence from that first chorus, descriptive of the drought: "The harvest now is over," &c.

And now he stands upon the mount, and "Behold! God, the Lord passed by." We are too weary with fruitless attempts to convey a notion of the different portions of this oratorio by words, to undertake the same thing with this most descriptive and effective chorus. One cannot but remark the multitude of subjects which the story of Elijah offers for every variety of musical effects. The orchestra preludes the coming of the "mighty wind." Voices, accompanied in loud high unison, proclaim: "The Lord passed by!" the storm swells up amid the voices, wave on wave, with brief fury and subsides, and again the voices in whispered harmony pronounce: "yet the Lord was not in the tempest." The same order of treatment is repeated with regard to the "earthquake," and with regard to the "fire." All this is in E minor; the key opens into the major, into the moist, mild, spring-like atmosphere of E major, and the voices in a very low, sweet chorus, in long notes, whisper the coming of the "still, small voice," while the liquid, stroking divisions of the accompaniment seem "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles." The Seraphim are heard in double chorus, chanting: "Holy, holy," &c., marked by sublime simplicity. One more recitative from the prophet: "I go on my way in the strength of the Lord," with the air: "For the mountain shall depart," during which the instruments tread on with stately, solid steps, in notes of uniform length, in 4-4 measure;—and we have the marvellously descriptive, awe-inspiring chorus which describes his ascent to heaven in the fiery chariot. There is no mistaking the sound of the swift revolving fiery wheels, suggested by the accompaniment.

Another beautiful tenor song: "Then shall the righteous shine," and a fit conclusion to the whole is made by two grand choruses, foreshadowing the consummation of all prophecy in the God-Man, just leaving off where Handel's "Messiah," the oratorio of oratorios, began. The first: "Behold, my servant, and mine elect," has much of the grandeur, but not the simplicity of Handel. It is separated from the last by an exquisite quartet: "Come, every one that thirsteth," which is wholly in the vein of Mendelssohn. And the whole closes with a solid, massive fugue, in the grand old style: "Lord, our Creator, how excellent thy name!"

## II. Haydn and his "Creation."

Haydn is remarkable for the perfection of style; for neatness and elegance in all the details, happy arrangement, and perfect ease and clearness in the exposition of his ideas. He is the Addison of music, only a great deal more. He is the most genial, popular, least strange of all composers. All those who enjoy clear writing, who love to see everything accomplished within the limits of graceful certainty, feel as safe with Haydn as the scholar with his Cicero and Virgil. We say of him, "that is music," in the sense in which we say "that's English." Whatever thought he had, (and he had many), it came out whole and clear, it suffered nothing in the statement. He understood the natures of instruments so well, that they blended as unobtrusively in his symphonies as individuals in the best-bred company. Haydn's music is easily understood. It keeps the mind awake, like lively, easy conversation; but does not task the brain, does not excite any longing which it cannot satisfy. Hence it is per-

fection itself to those who want nothing deeper; and it can never be otherwise than agreeable to those who do. Its charm is infallible as far as it goes.

What we next remark is its sunny, healthful, cheerful character. It is the happy warbling of the bird building its nest. It is not the deepest of music; but it is welcome to every one as the morning carol of the lark. It has not the tragic pathos of Mozart and Bellini; nor the yearnings and uncontainable rhapsodies of Beethoven. But it is good for the deep-minded sometimes to leave brooding and speculating, and for the sentimental to flee the close air of their sad sympathies, and rising with the lark some bright, cool morning, go forth and become all sensation, and enjoy the world like a child. Such a morning walk is an emblem of Haydn. The world is fresh and glittering with dew, and there is no time but morning, no season but spring to the feelings which answer to his music. He delivers us from ourselves into the hands of Nature; and restores us to that fresh sense of things we had before we had thought too long. He sings always one tune, let him vary it as he will, namely, the worth and beauty of the moment, the charm of reality, the admirable fitness and harmony of things. Not what the soul aspires after, but what it finds, he celebrates; not our insatiable capacities, but our present wealth. Surprise and gratitude and lively appreciation for ever new beauties and blessings—a mild and healthful exhilaration—just the state of his own Adam and Eve in Paradise! \* \* \* \* \*

Is not his great work, then, the true exponent of his genius? Was he not the very man to compose the music of the "Creation;" to carry us back to the morning of the world, and recount the wonders which surround us, with a childlike spirit? Is it not his art to brighten up the faded miracle of common things; to bathe our wearied senses, and restore the fevered nerve of sight for us, so that we may see things fresh and wonderful, and a "new-created world" may rise amid the "despairing and cursing" of the falling evil spirits that confuse and blind us, (to borrow a thought from one of the first choruses)?

The "Creation" consists of three parts, taking for its text the Mosaic account. In the first part is described the emerging of order from chaos; the creation of light; the separation of the firmament, of sea and land; the springing up of vegetation, and the setting of the sun and moon and stars; and ends with the magnificent chorus: "The heavens are telling."

The second part contains the creation of animated nature; the animals, and lastly Man; and ends with the more elaborate chorus: "Achieved is the glorious work."

The third part represents Adam and Eve in Paradise, admiring each other, and the beautiful world around, and praising the Creator; and ending with the still more elaborate and rapturous fugue: "The Lord is great."

The characters in the two first parts are three angels, Raphael, Uriel and Gabriel, (bass, tenor and soprano). After the symphony or overture, which represents chaos and the elements struggling to disengage themselves, one part after another rising a little way and falling back into confusion, till finally the ethereal flutes and the more soaring instruments escape into air, and the dark sounds are precipitated, and everything sounds like preparation, the discord almost resolved—an angel recites the words: "In the beginning God created," &c., but "darkness was upon the face of the deep." To represent the "Spirit of God," now, "moving upon the face of the waters," a soft, spray-like chorus of voices steals in; and after the command, "Let there be light," the instruments are unmutated and all the discords are resolved into the full chord of the natural key, and "the audience is lost in the effulgence of the harmony." To represent light by loudness, some may think a poor device. But music does not seek to represent the light, but the surprise produced by its sudden appearance. What greater shock could be given to all our senses, than the sudden admission of light into total darkness? Then Uriel, (angel of light), in a descriptive song, develops the idea, shows us the flight of the spirits of darkness, and in a subterranean chorus we hear their mingling, falling voices, wildly modulated by the depth they traverse, on the words: "Despairing, cursing rage attends their fall;" and in a fresher, brighter key the first day is celebrated, and "a new created world appears at God's command." The same order is pursued with each of the other days. First, the angel recites the words from Scripture; then in a song describes the phenomena; and then a chorus celebrates the new day.

Throughout the whole the instrumental parts are principal—the voice but gives the interpretation. Thus after the angel has recited: "And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under

the firmament, from the waters which were above the firmament," all the phenomena of the air, the blast, the thunder, the soft rain, the beating hail, the flaky snow, are described in so many little passages of symphony, and after each the voice supplies the interpretation. Then bursts forth the choral hymn: "Again the eternal vaults resound the praise of God, and of the second day." In like manner another song describes the separation of land and water, the rolling and heaving of ocean, the emerging of mountain tops, the rivers winding through wide plains, the purling brooks. And another, the flight or song (whichever is most characteristic) of the birds, the mounting eagle, the lark, the cooing of the doves, the song of the nightingale; another, the roar of the lion, the leap of the tiger, the contented browsing of the cattle, the sporting of the great leviathan. All this is so exquisitely executed, and presents such a variety of beautiful novelties, even without regard to the meaning intended to be conveyed, that we almost forget that it is treason against the true spirit of the art, and a playing of tricks with music.

We cannot enter into all the beautiful details of this great work; nor shall we speak particularly of the surpassing sweetness and melody of its songs; nor its joyous choruses, which are wonderful in their way, but without the grandeur, or the simplicity, or the progress of those of Handel; the chorus which closes the first part—"The heavens are telling," being decidedly greater than any which follow. But the truth is, the chorus does not bring out the genius of Haydn. The orchestra and the symphony are his sphere; and it is as an orchestral, descriptive work, and not as an oratorio in the high religious sense, that we are most interested in the "Creation."

How far music may imitate or describe outward nature, is a question which must always be left open. That sounds do suggest scenes is unquestionable. It is natural when hearing an orchestra, to think of the harmony of colors. Some sounds in nature are actually musical, like the notes of birds, and the fall of water. All sounds in nature make music, when heard at a sufficient distance to allow them to become well blended. Thus motion is one of the essential elements of music; we speak of a rushing, gliding, falling, rolling passage of music. Add to this all the associations with feelings and states of mind which the qualities of different instruments possess, and it is evident what an orchestra can do in this way. If it is not allowable to describe outward objects by music, it is often necessary to bring up outward objects in order to describe music.

A piece of music never suggests the same precise train of thought to any two hearers. It only awakens the same feelings, wins them to its mood. If then, incidentally, all these little descriptive means concur to confirm the associations which naturally arise with every feeling, it is well. But to aim first to paint a picture, or to tell a story, is to leave the true and glorious function of the art, to make it do what it was never meant to do, and excite the same kind of admiration which a mountebank would by walking on his head. Literal description of objects is not the province of music. Music has all the vagueness of the feelings of which it is the natural language; but through an appeal to the feelings may suggest more than words can tell.

Thus, when we are told that Haydn, in composing a symphony, always had some little history or picture in his mind, we must not suppose that we are to look for such a story or picture in it, when we hear it; but only that he wrote it under the influence of such emotions as the imagining the story would inspire.

It is only, however, in some few details that the "Creation" is liable to the objection of too literal imitation. We can pardon some few freaks and injurious conceits, when they are so exquisitely done. But in its whole style and spirit the "Creation" is an expression of feelings, an expression of childlike wonder and joy and gratitude and love. It expresses the exhilaration of calm, creative activity. It refreshes the mind to that degree that all sounds become music to it. It inspires us with all the grateful sensations of morning and spring. And we go away from it feeling the same gratitude for it that we do for nature.

HANDEL wore an enormous white wig, and when things went well at the Oratorio, it had a certain nod or vibration, which manifested his pleasure or satisfaction. Without it, nice observers were certain that he was out of humor.—*Dr. Burney.*

HANDEL's general look was somewhat heavy and sour; but when he did smile, it was his sire the sun, bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good humor, beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other.—*Ibid.*

### Great Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester, England.

(Correspondence of the London Times, April 14.)

The collection of ancient pictures, which is very large and valuable, will be exhibited in the south gallery. It has been placed under the charge of Mr. Scharf, jun., who has adopted a somewhat novel plan in its arrangement. He has proceeded upon the broad principle of devoting one entire wall to the works of the Italian and Spanish masters, and the other to the productions of Germany, Flanders, England, and all countries foreign to Spain and Italy. But that is not all. The pictures on both sides of the gallery are arranged in chronological order, so that the works of each master of Italy or Spain are placed opposite those of a painter belonging to some other country who lived in the same period. Angelico da Fiesole, for example, is opposed to John Van Eyck, Rubens to Guido, and Vandyke to Velasquez. The lesser divisions of schools, which are those of Tuscany, Sienna, Naples, Umbria, Cologne, Flanders, Saxony, and Nuremberg are marked by being kept in distinct groups, and arranged for the most part in parallel lines one over the other. With a few exceptions, which will presently be specified, the pictures exhibited are those of masters who flourished between the years 1400 and 1700, a period of three centuries. The latest painting in the gallery almost corresponds in point of date with the commencement of the modern English school, and consequently no place is given here to the productions of Hudson, Hogarth, Thornhill, Richardson, or any of the English masters who lived at the beginning of the 18th century.

The gallery is divided into three main halls, the first, next the transept, being devoted to the earlier period of Art. The centre of the end wall is occupied by a picture which created some sensation in the Royal Academy two years ago, and which is now the property of the Queen. It is the work of Leighton, and represents the triumphal procession in which Cimabue's picture of the Madonna was carried through the streets of Florence. On either side of it are displayed specimens of Italian art, from the classic fresco paintings of the Baths of Titus and the Catacombs down through the feeble attempts of Cimabue and the bold and inventive pieces of Giotto to the productions of the 14th century and the dawn of Art in Germany and Flanders. Mr. Scharf commences his series of German, Flemish, and English pictures with the works of Van Eyck, which are followed by many fine specimens of Grunewald, Mabuse, Matsys, Rubens, Vandyke, Holbein, Rembrandt, and other well-known masters, closing at the end of the third or last hall with paintings belonging to the latter part of the 17th century. The contributions of Prince Albert to this branch of the exhibition are very extensive and important, for his Royal Highness possesses an almost unbroken series of examples of early German art. The illustrations of Italian and Spanish art commence with the works of Angelico da Fiesole, and include a great number of pieces by Botticelli, Perugino, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Paul Veronese, Velasquez, Murillo, and other eminent masters, ending, like the pictures on the opposite side, with the year 1700. The magnificent equestrian portrait of Charles I., from Windsor Castle, by Vandyke, occupies a position at the bottom of the gallery corresponding to that of Leighton's picture at the top.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the great value and beauty of the Italian and Spanish collection. Such a display of masterpieces has probably never before been witnessed in England, and it convincingly proves the statement of Dr. Waagen that we possess art treasures far surpassing those of any other country. The series begins with a head of Christ by Angelico da Fiesole, which originally formed part of a fresco representing the crucifixion. Fiesole is represented by another picture—the "Entombment of the Virgin"—which was formerly called a Giotto, and as such was engraved by D'Agincourt. His works are followed by specimens of

Sandro Botticelli, with his wildness of form and pedantic display of Greek learning. Perugino, the master of Raphael, is present in five predella pictures, contributed by Mr. Barker, and in a superb altar piece—the Virgin and Child enthroned, with St. Jerome and St. Peter on either side—exhibited by Lord Northwick. One of the earliest specimens of Raphael is the "Crucifixion," taken from Citta di Castello, painted in 1500. Mr. Fuller Maithland contributes the "Agony in the Garden," mentioned by Vasari in his *Lives of Painters*. Two celebrated Madonnas are furnished by Lord Cowper; Miss Burdett Coutts exhibits the "Madonna and Child," which was formerly in the collection of Mr. Samuel Rogers, together with another picture, representing the "Agony in the Garden;" and Lord Warwick sends a duplicate of the "Joanna of Aragon" in the Louvre. Near the works of Raphael is placed a "Holy Family"—*Il Reposo*—by Bartolomeo, the finest specimen of that master in England. Of Michael Angelo we have the picture representing "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," which was formerly in the collection of Otley, and a "Holy Family," unfinished, belonging to Mr. Labouchere. Michael Angelo is followed by specimens of the early Venetian school, represented by Andrea Bellini and others, and by the works of Francia, the friend and correspondent of Raphael. Further on the glories of Venice present themselves to view, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and their contemporaries. The "Europa" of Titian has been exhibited by Lord Darnley, and here also is his original sketch of the celebrated "Gloria," or apotheosis of Charles V., still in Spain. The "Nine Muses," by Tintoretto, has been lent from Hampton Court, and there are no fewer than five large allegorical subjects by Paul Veronese. The Bolognese school is represented by Caracci and others. A splendid "St. Agnes," by Domenichino, has been obtained from Windsor Castle. Velasquez and the Spanish masters are also well represented. The portraits of Velasquez are hung exactly opposite those by Vandyke, so that the productions of the two great masters of portrait painting may be studied together, an advantage for which the visitors ought to be thankful to Mr. Scharf. The Duke of Bedford, Mr. Farrer, and Mr. Hoskins have contributed some fine specimens of Velasquez. Several magnificent Murillos have been furnished by Sir Culling Eardley, the Rev. Thomas Stanniforth, and Mr. William Sterling. Among the specimens of the academic and decorative style of painting may be mentioned some frescos taken from a palace at Milan. They represent the contest between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, were painted by Gambara, and have been contributed to the exhibition by Prince Albert. Below Murillo are some of the later masters—the naturalists, as they are called—in Italy; and the series closes with some vigorous pieces by Salvator Rosa.

The collection of pictures belonging to Germany, Flanders, England, and other countries foreign to Italy and Spain is very extensive, and embraces some splendid specimens of art. It begins with an old copy of a famous altar-piece, representing the "Adoration of the Lamb," by Hubert and John Van Eyck, formerly in the chapel of the town-hall at Ghent. The curious Orford picture, by Grunewald, now the property of Prince Albert, is a striking feature in the collection; but, admirable as it is, it must yield the palm to the celebrated Mabuse, representing the "Adoration of the Kings," from Castle Howard—a picture formidable to the pre-Raphaelites on account of its exquisite finish and its selection of the more refined objects in nature. Flanking the Mabuse are two fine pictures from Hampton Court, representing James IV. of Scotland and his Queen. Lower down the gallery is the "Misers," by Quentin Matsys. Rubens is represented by several of his most splendid productions. The Queen has contributed his "St. Martin dividing his cloak with a Beggar;" and Mr. Mathew Wyatt exhibits the magnificent picture of "Juno setting the Eyes of Argus in a Peacock's Tail." Here also is Tomyris ordering the head of Cyrus to be bathed in human blood,

and among a number of other pictures are portraits of himself, his wife, and the Bishop of Antwerp. Several excellent specimens of Snyders have been contributed by the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Derby, and Sir Philip Egerton. They consist for the most part of marketpieces with fish, fruit, and flowers, but there are also one or two boar and wolf hunts. Of Poussin there are some admirable specimens from the galleries of the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Yarborough, and Mr. Mox. In addition to the "Triumph of Bacchus" and a "Holy Family" there is a small repetition recently found in Dorsetshire of a picture called the "Testament of Eudamidas," by Poussin, which, after being engraved with great care in France, was brought to England and lost. The Vandykes form, in number and value, an important part of the collection. One of his finest portraits is that of Snyders, the painter, contributed by the Earl of Carlisle. The companion portrait—that of Snyder's wife—is exhibited by Lord Warwick. It is said that the grandfather of the present Lord Warwick proposed to the then Earl of Carlisle that they should toss for the possession of the two pictures. Whether the latter nobleman was willing to entertain the proposition is not related, but it was never carried out, and "Snyders and his wife" were doomed to remain separate for some time longer. They are now reunited for a time at Manchester. Her Majesty has contributed several Vandykes—among others the splendid equestrian portrait of Charles I., already noticed. The "Children of Charles I." have likewise been obtained from the Long Room in Windsor Castle. Lord de Gray is also an important contributor of Vandykes. One, a superb picture, represents three children (name unknown) standing on the steps of a portico; painted by Vandyke in the style of his Genoese period. The "St. Jerome," with the angel holding a pen—*L'Ange à la plume*, as it is called in France—from the collection of Lucien Buonaparte, has been contributed by Mr. Lucy, of Charlotte-park. The works of Vandyke are followed by those of Sir Anthony More and other foreign artists who visited England in the 17th century. We then come to specimens of the Dutch school, in which the collection is particularly rich. George IV. was a great admirer of Dutch artists, and made a large collection of their works, of which a considerable number have been contributed to the exhibition by the Queen. Mr. Thomas Baring, Mr. Henry Hope, and Miss Berdel have furnished numerous specimens of Rembrandt, Vanderveldt, De Koning, Jan Steen, Teniers, and other Dutch masters. One of the most striking pictures at the close of the series is a portrait of Peter the Great, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Such are a few of the more prominent pictures in the ancient gallery. Many most interesting specimens have necessarily been omitted. We have not mentioned, for example, a fragment of a curious fresco representing the "Fall of the Angels," by Spinello Aretino. It belongs to Mr. Layard, who rescued it from destruction some time ago in Italy. Vasari relates that the devil was painted so hideously ugly that he appeared to Aretino in his sleep and demanded the reason of such uncivil treatment. The answer of Aretino is not recorded, but the story runs that the interview made such an impression upon his mind that he fell into a melancholy which lasted the rest of his life. Perhaps it is improper to add that the provoking researches of modern critics—Lord Lindsay and others—have proved that Aretino lived far beyond the period stated by Vasari, and that he painted some of his best works after his alleged colloquy with the Prince of Darkness. The figure of his Majesty, unfortunately, is not in the fragment contributed by Mr. Layard to the exhibition.

One of the objects aimed at by Mr. Scharf in the formation of the gallery has been to reunite, as far as possible, the scattered fragments of the Orleans, the Solly, and the Rogers collections. He has succeeded in doing so to a great extent, and the visitor will have an opportunity of viewing, re-collected in these galleries, collections which are renowned throughout the world.



## From my Diary, No. 2.

MAY 9.—I am told that Mr. Zerrahn has secured an orchestra of seventy-five members for the Festival. Excellent. But as yet no intimation has been given to the public, that I have noticed, of the character of the programmes which they are to execute at the miscellaneous concerts. Now, in consideration of the hope that a large portion of the concert audiences, will consist of people from the country of musical tastes, but who have never had opportunity to hear grand instrumental performances, can anything be more attractive than the performance of some of the best symphonies, of which they have read and heard so much? Doubtless this is intended. Nor can there be any doubt that some of the best overtures, not only by Beethoven, Mozart and Weber, but of Auber and Rossini, will be given.

But I wish to ask something more; and as the Handel and Haydn Society has the honor of the conception and the responsibility of the execution of the affair, the appeal can be made with special propriety to it. It has been shown in the Journal of Music recently, that when the Society was young, it pursued a bold policy, such that members of it ventured to send an order to Vienna, to the greatest of then living composers, for an Oratorio, though his works seem to have been known in Boston only from portions of his Cantata; "Christ on the Mount of Olives." The old programmes show that it had no fear of producing music of composers unknown to the public, and more than that, of music produced at home. Shaw's compositions were stereotyped features of its early concerts, and John Bray's "Child of Mortality," text by Mrs. Rawson, the actress, and afterward famous school teacher, was another great attraction.

What I would ask then, is that the same policy be now followed up, and that at the orchestral concerts specimens, each evening, be given of what our men, who are working for fame—pecuniary profit is out of the question—are doing in this department of composition.

If I subscribe to a series of concerts where "classical" music—that is, music whose reputation is fixed—is promised me, I consider myself cheated, if instead of Beethoven, Haydn or Mozart, the works of Balfe, Wallace, Verdi, &c., are placed upon the programme, or if waltzes, polkas and quadrilles drive out symphony and overture. But if I do not subscribe, and am free to take a ticket or not, the case is very different. I can stay away without losing my money or temper, there having been no promise made or implied.

The concerts at the Festival, save the oratorios, come into this latter category, and there is no implied contract, as to the music to be performed, between the managers and the audience. Here is a legitimate opportunity then to give us some specimens of our own music.

How many composers of orchestral music we have in our midst I know not. I only know of Southard; but ever since I read the notices of the production of two overtures by him, at a time when I was absent from Boston, I have had a great desire to hear them. But would the public care to hear them? Not easy to decide, that. But what piece could he put upon the programme which would be more likely to interest an audience than his overture to the "Scarlet Letter?" Who does not know the wondrous romance of Hawthorne? Who has not felt its mystery, its awful power; who has not shuddered at the manner in which the human soul is dissected alive, as it were, every nerve quivering? Who that knows aught of orchestral music, but would gladly have an opportunity to see whether the musician has caught the spirit of the work, and interpreted it in the language of the orchestra? What a field there for the composer! Let us see how he has occupied it.

Again, why not bring out something which, while perfectly novel, could not fail to be of great interest both to the musician and the general public? Why not give the large audiences, which will undoubtedly be present, the chance to judge of what boys are capable? Could there be any objection to allowing the Choristers' School to sing a piece or two, written originally for choirs of boys and men? There is music enough at hand, both sacred and secular, from Allegri's "Miserere," or "Summer is a comin' in," which Hawkins says "is the most ancient English song with the musical notes attached, perhaps anywhere extant," down to the pieces written by Mendelssohn and others for similar choirs, in London, Berlin or Leipzig.

The Handel and Haydn Society, originally organized, as I believe its constitution says, to improve the public taste in music, and forward the art in general among us, has here opportunity of adding materially to the number of its good works in the cause.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 9.—Mr. EISELDA gave us a rich programme at his last soirée, as far, at least, as the instrumental portion was concerned. It contained Mozart's beautiful Quartet, in E flat; the first of the two op. 70 Trios of Beethoven; and four movements from the great master's Septuor. The Quartet of Mozart is one of his very best, with all his characteristic grace, freshness, and full of beauty and soul. The first two movements were very indifferently played, I regret to say. The night was warm, and the strings of the first violin particularly, were very unruly. But later this deficiency was mended, and in the rendering of the Septuor, (minus the minuet and variations), there was nothing to be wished for. Mr. PYCHOWSKI played the piano-part of the Trio very finely indeed. He is unquestionably one of our first and truest artists. The singer of the evening was Miss HENRIETTA BEREND. She has improved vastly since last winter, when I heard her at one of Mason and Bergmann's concerts; but she seemed on this occasion to be suffering from a cold, or some other indisposition, as it appeared to be quite an effort for her to sing. Altogether, however, the whole concert was a very pleasing one, and gave general satisfaction to the very good audience assembled.

The Mendelssohn Union, at their third concert, last Thursday, sang Mozart's *Requiem*, and a *Magnificat*, by Mr. BERGE, their pianist. I regretted very much that an unavoidable engagement prevented my attending, as I wished very much to hear the *Requiem* once more, particularly after the interesting articles upon it which have lately appeared in your paper.

I met recently with an interesting little book, which has made so great a sensation in Germany that the first edition was very quickly exhausted. It is entitled: "Beethoven's Piano-Forte Sonatas, analyzed for friends of music, by Ernst V. Elterlein," who also calls himself the author of "Beethoven's Symphonies considered according to their ideal value." There are many very good and new ideas in the book, and I should think that, if translated, it might be very useful towards rendering the masterpieces of which it treats, more appreciated and better understood by our public.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MAY 12.—Our Spring season has been well filled with concerts. THALBERG, OLE BULL and others, have sung and gone. Last Sunday evening we had the first Sunday concert in Springfield. It was given by Mr. MOZART, of Boston, with the assistance of Messrs. FITZHUGH and KIMBERLY, of this city. The concert was excellent, and the music of a high order. Mrs. MOZART sang her solos with great skill and expression. Miss

TWICHELL in "He was despised," from the "Messiah," did herself great credit. We admire her voice the more we listen to it. Some eighteen hundred persons were present, as the concert was a free one.

A new concert troupe is now occupying the attention of our curious people. A band of negroes, owned by a planter in Alabama, showed some talent for music; their master gave them an instructor; they excelled so much, (so the story goes), that he gave them permission to concertize about the country, and thus buy their freedom. He then secured the services of Mr. J. G. Shaw, of this city, to take charge of them, and they now are singing nightly to full houses about the States. Last week they sang in the City Hall, in this place. As musicians, the slaves are lacking. Their ears are imperfect; yet for ignorant persons they do remarkably well.

The "Springfield Musical Institute" has adjourned rehearsals till October next.

Another association has been organized among the armorers at the U. S. Arsenal, under the name of the "Armorer's Musical Institute." It has an orchestra of sixteen pieces, and a chorus of some seventy. The enterprise was started and brought into successful operation by Mr. ALBERT ALLIN, Mr. GEORGE HUBBARD and others, and bids fair to become a permanent institution among the armorers. They propose giving a concert early in the Fall.

Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE gave a reading of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," last evening, in Hampden Hall, to a large and highly appreciative audience. Her reading, like Thalberg's playing, is as near perfection as can be conceived.

AD LIBITUM.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 16, 1857.

## NOTICE—A FESTIVAL PAPER.

The next number of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will be issued two days in advance, viz., on Thursday, immediately after the first morning concert of the Festival. This special edition will be increased in size by at least four pages, and will probably contain Mr. WINTHROP'S Inaugural Address, entire, from copy kindly furnished by the author, together with descriptive analyses of the three Oratorios to be performed, brief notices of the instrumental music, some history of Musical Festivals, and such other matter of special interest during that week as shall make it properly a FESTIVAL NUMBER of the Journal.

For sale at the Music Hall on Thursday afternoon, and at the periodical stores, &c. Price Five cents.

The Journal of the week following will contain a full description and review of the Festival.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The increased circulation of the Journal during the Festival week and the week following, make it a desirable medium for the advertising of musical and other artistic matters.

## THE FESTIVAL.

We can hardly exaggerate the importance of the great musical event of next week. Those three days in the Boston Music Hall will, if we mistake not, inaugurate the custom of grand Oratorio Festivals, after the manner of the English, in this country. We say Oratorio festivals, because out of Oratorios, and that means essentially the oratorios of Handel, and out of the necessity of grand combinations of forces for the

realization of their sublime effects, the whole thing grew. Oratorios, in England and in Germany, ever since the great Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, have formed the back-bone of such entertainments. But of course they offer motive opportunity and at the same time, for mixed performances of orchestral and vocal music. The gathering of artists and great audiences, and all the excitement kindled up by such an occasion, cannot but give an impulse to the love of noble music and to the high religious, social and artistic sentiments to which it speaks.

In England, where such Festivals originated, (the annual meetings of the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford date back to 1724, and that of St. Paul's for the benefit of the sons of the clergy, to 1712, two years before Handel went to England—but then there were no oratorios), they have always been for charitable objects. Handel's inspirations have been there the bond of union between music and charity. Here, with us, it is first necessary to see if music can sustain itself; here it will be public blessing and charity enough if, by a festival, we can put great performances of music upon a safe and self-supporting footing, and enable our societies of amateurs and artists to practice it and keep themselves in a condition to supply us with it.

Of course we are not yet in a state to do anything that can bear comparison musically with what is done in England. But we can make a good beginning. Our Handel and Haydn Society, who take the initiative, are pretty much the only permanent nucleus we have for such an enterprise; whereas in England, choirs and orchestras, in constant practice, are ready at a moment's call, and all the greatest solo artists of the world are within easy reach—through the electric telegraph of a long purse. The whole business of Festivals is there organized into a system; their preparations are begun at least a year beforehand. Here the time is short; it was necessary, to avail ourselves of so good a season as the annual May Anniversaries, to press matters somewhat, and do the best that could be done in a short time. We apprehend our friends, not only from the country, but at home, will be surprised to find what good things can be done. The managers will make no rash adventure; they have wisely chosen for this first festival the most familiar, sterling oratorios, which most of our singers know by heart, the incomparable "Messiah" of Handel, and the "Creation;" to which add "Elijah," which will have the charm of novelty to many.

For the miscellaneous concerts of Thursday and Friday afternoons, and Saturday morning, the programmes are not yet fully determined; but we can name the orchestral pieces. The "Choral Symphony," as we had presentiment, has to be abandoned, because all our solo singers shrink from it. But, no mean substitute has been provided for Saturday morning in Beethoven's glorious No. 7, which like all the pieces, will be played by an orchestra really outnumbering the seventy-five instruments announced. Other features of that same morning will be Beethoven's *Leonora* overture (No. 3), Mendelssohn's *Hebriden* or "Fingal's Cave" overture, and the Scherzo from his "Scotch" Symphony. In Thursday's concert we are to have Beethoven's overture to

"*Coriolanus*" (!), the Allegretto to his 8th Symphony, and the *Tannhäuser* and "*Tell*" overtures. Friday afternoon: Beethoven's C minor Symphony, the overture to *Euryanthe*, March from *Lohengrin*, &c. &c. Besides solos, vocal and instrumental, each time.

The choir will number about 600 voices, and the orchestra some 80 instruments. For the accommodation of this great body the stage will be brought forward, and seats run up into the side galleries, presenting the choir in an amphitheatrical form. The sight thereof, with the statue of Beethoven above and behind all, will be truly imposing; but sight and sound!—of that hereafter.

As to the solo singers, negotiations still pending with one or two famous artists, make it impossible to announce the list definitively at present. Among those, who will surely take part more or less in all the oratorios, we may mention: *Soprano*, Mrs. ELLIOT (ANNA STONE), of New York, Mrs. LONG, Mrs. MOZART and Mrs. HILL; *Alto*, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, (in the "*Messiah*" and "*Elijah*,"), and Miss J. TWICHELL; *Tenors*, Mr. SIMPSON, of New York, and Mr. C. R. ADAMS; *Basses*, Mr. LEACH and Dr. GUILLMETTE, of New York, (the latter is said to be very fine in the part of *Elijah*.) The Double Quartet in *Elijah* will be sung by the "*Mozart*" and the "*Ball*" Quartets; and the Angel Trio by the three boys of Mr. Cutler's Cathedral choir.

On Thursday we shall have more to tell. The gathering will undoubtedly be great, and our friends should lose no time in going to the music store of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, and selecting their seats for the three days.

### The Pianists Classified.

There is a German newspaper published in New York, called the *New Yorker Criminal Zeitung*, which we take to be a sort of "Police Gazette," or journal of the courts, the prisons and the scenes of crime. It appears that it is also not without its corner for Art criticisms; and this congenial organ has some rare musical adventurer chosen for the following article, signed "Dr. A. Berni," under the title: "*Brief Catalogue of the greatest living Pianists and Composers for the Piano-Forte, with notices of their special qualification.*" The *Musical Review* translates it, mentioning at the same time the rumor that the signature, as given above, is a *nom de plume*, and that the author's actual name may easily be divined from the article itself:

A. *Stars of the First Magnitude*: Franz Liszt, born in Hungary; GUSTAV SATTER, born in Vienna; Henry Litolf, of Mecklenburg; Sigismund Thalberg, of Geneva; Alfred Jaell, of Trieste; Leopold de Meyer, of Vienna.

B. *Stars of the Second Magnitude*: Clara Schumann, Caroline Pleyel, Anton Rubinstein, Alexander Dreyshock, Adolph Henselt, Carl Meyer.

C. *Stars of the Third Magnitude*: L. M. Gottschalk, William Mason, Julius Schulhoff, Richard Hoffman, Hans von Bulow, Maurice Strakosch. (Hans von Bulow and Maurice Strakosch !)

*Geniality in Playing*: 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER; 3, Litolf.

*Conception*: 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER; 3, Clara Schumann.

*Finished Technicals*: 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER; 3, Dreyshock.

*Touch and Clearness*: 1, Thalberg; 1, Jaell; 3, SATTER.

*Classical Players*: 1, SATTER (unsurpassed as a player of Beethoven.) 2, Liszt; 3, Clara Schumann; 4, Jaell.

*Universality of Talent*: 1 and 2, Liszt and SATTER.

*Sight-Reading*: 1 and 2, Liszt and SATTER.

*Endurance*: 1 and 2, Liszt and SATTER.

*Individual Superiorities*: Thalberg, runs and passages, singing tone; Dreyshock, octaves, sixths, and jumps; De Meyer, powerful harmonies; SATTER, orchestral imitations (what are they?); Rubinstein, flexibility of wrists; Mason, runs with alternate hands.

*First in every thing*: (!) 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER. *Of the Old School*: 1, Thalberg; 2, Jaell; 3, Schulhoff; 4, Pleyel; 5, Strakosch; 6, Mason, (although a pupil of Liszt's.)

*Of the New School*: 1, Liszt, 2, Litolf; 3, De Meyer; 4, Henselt; 5, Clara Schumann; 6, Rubinstein; 7, Bulow.

*Of the Newest School*: (!) GUSTAV SATTER.

### COMPOSERS.

1. *Original*: Liszt, De Meyer, Thalberg, SATTER, Gottschalk, Henselt.

2. *Equally happy in Modern and Classical Music*: SATTER, Litolf.

3. *Of the Broad, Grand Style*: SATTER, Liszt.

4. *Of the Small Style*: Gottschalk, Mason.

5. *Of Spirit and carrying out*, (*Durchführung*): Liszt, SATTER, Henselt, De Meyer.

6. *Of Sweetness*: Henselt, Thalberg, and sometimes Mason.

7. *Difficulty in Technicals*: Liszt, SATTER, Henselt, Dreyshock, Thalberg, De Meyer, Litolf.

8. *Difficulty in Conception*: Liszt, SATTER.

9. *Founders of Schools*: Liszt, SATTER, (!) Thalberg.

### THE THREE GREATEST PLAYERS IN THE WORLD:

1. FRANZ LISZT, in every respect.

2. GUSTAV SATTER, in every respect.

3. Sigismund Thalberg, in his own style.

This criminal classification is delightfully audacious and in some points laughably ingenious. What a sly thrust that contrast, for example, between composers of the "broad, grand," and the "small style!" The list is most remarkable for its omissions; to say nothing of some pianists and composers in this country, of no mean reputation, where are the names of Sterndale Bennett, Charles Halle, Wilhelmina Clauss, (now Mme. Szavady), Arabella Goddard, Willmers, Prudent, Stephen Heller, Herz, &c.? All such may perhaps thank their stars, of whatsoever magnitude, that they do not shine in the criminal firmament.

OLE BULL'S CONCERTS.—A very large and very enthusiastic audience were attracted to the Tremont Temple last Saturday evening, by the announcement of a farewell concert by the Norwegian master of that most sympathetic and eloquent of instruments, the violin. Indeed there was something like a rekindling of the old interest and excitement which attended his first visit to this country, when we had heard no other great violinist and when the now very common phenomena of dazzling virtuosity were new to us. With Ole Bull it was always in a great degree a personal charm; the look and air of genius, a certain taking eccentricity, the magnetism of the man, his remarkable sympathy with his instrument, and the free, fantastic, quasi extempore structure of his music, full of singular conceits, effects and variations, which were astonishing then, but which we have since found to be in great measure the common property and trick of solo-players. It was pleasant to find the fascination of the man not gone; indeed the very sight of him enlisted a new yet saddened interest; his manly form bent by the weight of trouble, his head grown grey with care and trial rather than age, his face pale and serious, yet the same fire beaming from his great eyes. He was evidently inspired by the warmth of his reception.

He played much better (especially in better tune) than when we heard him last, a few years ago. His tone, through the whole compass, is surpassingly rich and beautiful; indeed we find about the chief charm of his playing in the pure beauty of the tone as tone. And although he plays you nothing new, although he always brings you the same concert pieces, and all his arts and figures are as stereotyped as those of others, yet there is no denying a certain fervor in his giving voice to them, a certain close sympathy of his own heart strings with the strings of his instrument, peculiarly his own. Of his technical excellencies the most remarkable are, as heretofore, his perfect staccato runs, the purity of his harmonics, the fine connection and shading of the tones, and above all, an art which he possesses in the most eminent degree, that of playing quartet passages in harmony, with distinct individualizing of the parts, the middle parts often moving. This was exemplified in the intro-



duction to his "Mother's Prayer," the best of the pieces which he reproduced to us that evening. For the rest his selections were hacknied and commonplace; it is for such smaller men than Ole Bull to write and keep repeating variations upon the "Carnival," upon "Yankee Doodle" and "Pop goes the Weasel," or even upon Bellini's "Romeo." As musical composition, whether in the technical, or the poetic and creative sense, all this must pass for naught, for child's play. But what a pleasure it would be to hear such talent of expression, as this that dwells in Ole Bull, exhibiting itself in glowing interpretations of noble works, like the violin Concertos of Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn! or, best of all, to hear a Beethoven Quartet, with him for leading violin!

As to the other attractions of the concert, Mr. DRESSLER is a pianist of fair routine ability; Mr. GEORGE HARRISON has a delicate tenor, and sings an English ballad agreeably; and Mr. HORNCastle's comic extravaganzas, *a la* Hatton, (only in costume, and not playing his own accompaniments, which was the charm of Hatton), might be called either amusing, or ludicrous, as one's mood inclined him.

To-night OLE BULL takes his last leave of Boston, in a concert at the Music Hall, when his own selection of pieces will be much better, including his *Polacca guerriera*, the variations on *Nel cor piu*, his Pastoral Concerto, &c., &c.

☞ The Festival crowds all else out this week.

## Advertisements.

### OLE BULL'S GRAND FAREWELL CONCERTS.

OLE BULL respectfully announces that, at the request of numerous friends, he will give his SECOND and positively LAST

**GRAND FAREWELL CONCERT,**  
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,  
On Saturday Evening, May 16th, 1857,  
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The talented Pianist and Composer.

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### BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

### FAREWELL CONCERT OF MISS LOUISA PYNE.

The Committee of Management beg to announce that Miss LOUISA PYNE will give her Last Concert in America at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, on

**Monday Evening, May 18, 1857,**  
having engaged passage in the Steamer Europa, which leaves Boston for Liverpool on the 20th inst.

Miss LOUISA PYNE

Will be assisted by

Miss SUSAN PYNE,

Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON,

And other Eminent Artists.

The following Letter, with the names of the Committee, is submitted to the Musical Public:

To Miss LOUISA PYNE, New York.

Madam: The undersigned, learning that you are to sail from this port for England on the 20th inst., ask for ourselves, and in behalf of your many friends in this city, that you will give a Farewell Concert at the Music Hall, on Monday Evening, the 18th inst. We will appoint a Committee of Arrangements for the Concert, and have everything in readiness on your arrival here, which we understand will be on Monday morning next. Boston, 11th of May, 1857.

To this letter Miss Louisa Pyne has returned an answer of acceptance, couched in the most grateful and amiable terms.

The following are the names of the Acting Committee:

Edward C. Bates, Henry Lee, Jr., Theron J. Dale,  
John E. Thayer, A. Tucker, Jr., H. Harris,  
John H. Eastburn, Ives G. Bates, Charles Larkin,  
Francis Welch, George B. Blake, George Bacon,  
Thomas Wetmore, Joseph N. Howe, John Foster,  
Elijah Williams, Albert Glover, E. D. Brigham,  
Henry W. Pickering, David Nevins, Charles Hale.

The Committee have fixed the price of tickets at FIFTY CENTS, to be had at music stores of Russell & Richardson, E. H. Wade, and Oliver Ditson, Washington street, also at the Hotels and at the Hall in the evening.

No more tickets will be issued than can be comfortably accommodated.

The Programme, with particulars, will be issued as soon as possible; and it is presumed that this concert will be one of the most attractive and interesting that has ever been offered to the musical public.

### Grand Musical Festival, AT THE MUSIC HALL IN BOSTON, On the 21st, 22d and 23d of May, —BY— THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, WITH A CHORUS OF SIX HUNDRED, AND AN ORCHESTRA OF SEVENTY-FIVE.

The Festival will commence on the morning of the 21st, (Thursday,) at 10 o'clock, with an Address appropriate to the occasion, by the

Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP,

to be followed immediately by the

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In the afternoon there will be a GRAND MISCELLANEOUS AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, by the Full Orchestra of more than Seventy-Five performers, varied with Selections of Vocal Music, commencing at 3½ o'clock.

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On Saturday Morning, 23d, at 10½ o'clock,  
A GRAND MISCELLANEOUS & ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,  
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